



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## NEW YORK LIGHT AND SHADE

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS

*San Juan Hill down in Cuba, whar us 'Mericans lick' Spain,  
Dat er monimint er glory; but dis hyar one jes' a stain!  
It a block er no-count ten'mints, an' dey calls it San Juan  
Hill*

*Case it crowded full er Niggers—an' dese Niggers fightin'  
still!*

*Dey raisin' Ned fu'm sun-up ontil de sun go down;  
Dere's Ba-rooms on each co'ner, an' dere's Dance-Halls all  
aroun';*

*Dere's Dagoes, an' dere's Sheenies, an' dere's home-made  
white trash, too.*

*Playin' "Spanish" ter dese Niggers—an' dere's Irish in de  
brew.*

*So you sees dere's mos' ingregiums fur de Devil's special  
game:*

*An' whoever win er lose it, it's de Niggers catch de blame.*

AS the Hill has changed its name, improved its character, buried its lurid past in the whited sepulchres of its model tenements—in short changed so much for the better as to have lost much of its picturesque and dramatic interest, dear alike to the seeker of souls and artistic material: I may venture to head this with these ancient lines, so delicately reminiscent of the Hill in the glory of its shame, so to speak; when the fight was "on" between the Rev. ———, its pioneer evangelist and all the powers of evil; when by a gracious providence I was permitted to happen by, and occasionally "hold the sponge."

(A day later)

Only yesterday I began to tell—with, I am afraid, ill-concealed regret—of the regeneration of the "Hill"; and lo! to-day I have an excited telephone from the Rev. telling me that I shall see in my morning paper the old familiar headline: "Negro Riot on San Juan Hill" and that the lava beneath its peaceful surface was not extinct but burning; so that when an innocent "colored" customer strolled carelessly into the sacred precincts of a corner saloon on its upper crust, it went off with an explosion of mixed-racial fury that was deafening.

"Like old times, isn't it?" I called back in tones of carefully modulated regret.

"Yas'm, it sure is lak ole times, ain't it?" he returned with a subdued chuckle. "Same ole story" he said a little later, as he sat in my studio, the hard "north" light showing forth every sympathetic line in his keen, humorous light-brown face and the unholy twinkle in its eyes—"de Saloon were a leetle mite outen de deestric", I 'lows dat; but de po' white trash dat lives roun' dere aint no *Vanderbills* nieder, ter t'row out a cullud man jes' 'cause he warn't goin' ter let 'em skin him Sixty Cents fur a plain Lemon an' Soda!" "But" he added tolerantly "I reckon dey wouldn't er kilt de wrong man ef it hadn't er been fur dese hyar *Home-Offenders*! Dey so fresh on de job, dey goin' ter clean all de ole folks an' slow-going peace'ble people off de Islan', ef we don't watch out. Yass, Sir!" he emphasized, overlooking my sex, "dem *sports* goin' ter do mo' damage right hyar, den de *German Bums*!"

"O! let's hope for the best" I soothed him. "And to think" I added hypocritically "what a nice quiet winter you've had on the Hill!"

"Yas'm" with an equally careful tone of regret; but the joy of battle in his eye: "de 'Hill' been mos'

as slo' an' quiet as de country: but it's *woke up*! Hyar come dis hyar Row, an' only las' week I had to go ter Cort ter bail out two of de Mish'nary Sisters."

"The *Missionary* Sisters!" I exclaimed "for goodness' sake, how did *they* get into trouble?"

"Well, yer see, it like dis" explained the Reverend, with the twinkle threatening to spread to his mouth, "we has early six o'clock Service in de Chu'ch reg'ler ev'y Sunday mornin', rain or shine, hot or cole. An' reg'ler ev'y Sunday mo'nin' de Mish'nery Sisters is dere. An' ole Aunt Mehaly, she come too, an' she don' erzac'ly *baig*; but she stan' close ter de do', an' *hole out* her hand', an' knowin' she supportin' her gran'-chillern, an' ain't *got nuthin'*, de Mish'nary Sisters mos' gin'rally always give her some leetle somethin' as dey goes out. Well! Las' Sunday, one er de Mish'nary Sisters say ter annuder Mish'nary Sister: "Look here, I ain't so sho' Aunt Mehaly take all dat money we gives her home ter her gran'-chillun. I kinder 'spicion, she wait till *we-all's* gone, an' den she *light out* fur dat *saloon* opposite, an' blow it all in on *whisky*!"

"Well, Sir! All de Mish'nary Sisters got *dat* wrought up, dey couldn't hardly *hole* dey-sef; an' dey 'low dat two of 'em going ter *lay* fur Aunt Mehaly after de res' was gone, an' watch her.

"An', sho' 'nuf, soon's she tink de groun' clar, Ole Aunt Mahaly mak' licketty split, fas' as she kin hobble, fur de *saloon*! An' de two Mish'nary Sisters, what was hidin' in de Chu'ch, dey go after her, quick's dey kin, but she git in firs', an' dey gits ketched in dat dere *turn-stle cotrapshun* in de doorway, an' sees her reachin' over de Bar fur a glass er whisky! An' dey hollers out: "*We sees yer*, Aunt Mahaly! Ain't yer *shame* ter blow in de money we gives you fur yer gran'-chilluns on *whisky*!"

"An' Sis Mahaly look roun' an' see de Mish'nary Sisters, an' she so scared she mos' drop de glass, an' she cry out 'Oh! fur Gawd's sake don' gimme 'way, Sisters, don' gimme 'way! I's so ole an' cole I jes' nachelly *bleege* ter have some leetle somethin' ter *res' my stummick*!"

"An' she light out de front do' while de Mish'nary Sisters still *goin' roun'* in de side one. An' de Ba'-keep, he got so mad at dem tryin' ter spoil trade he give 'em de *turn out* inter de street an' call a policeman, an' of co'se a big crowd collects up an' de Mish'nary Sisters gits so crazy mad dey hollers out: 'If you lays a han' on us we'll make you look lak a *Chinese two-cent piece down on Mulberry street*!!' [An' you know yo'sef dat got a *hole* in it!] So, of co'se de Policeman, he 'rested 'em; an' *dat* why I bleege ter go down ter Co't an' bail out de Mish'nary Sisters."

"But what became of Aunt Mehaly?" I asked with interest.

"O!" said the Reverend with a chuckle, "dey ain't never is ketched up wid Aunt Mehaly!"

"Well, well," I said heartily "sounds like old times."

"It sho' do" agreed the Reverend, "but I reckon de war-sperrit is roun' pretty ginerall now-a-days."

"Well, we'll have to fight for peace again" I said cheerily.

"Yas'm, I always is say *peace'ble* folks is de bes'

*fighters*, an' ef dey'd er give de ladies de Vote way back in 1915, when you an' Brother Zekiel had dat Suffrage Club hyar in de Chu'ch, we'd er had de 'Hill'—an' de whole town—cleaned up by now, so's it'd *stayed* clean!"

The Suffrage Club! Brother Zekiel! What a picture it brought up!

"And how is Brother Zekiel?" I asked the Rev. as we shook hands at parting. "We must start the Club over again for the 1917 campaign."

"Sho'!" said the Reverend heartily. "An' Brother Zekiel 'll be right in it agin wide bofe feet. He ain't so spry in de flesh as he were; but de sperrit all dere!"

"Good!" said I "I'll telephone the Union for Suffrage Banners and flags to decorate the Church, and we'll start in right away and have meetings there once a week!"

"Dat's all right" agreed the Reverend warmly "but (a little dubiously) I dunno ef de Chu'ch is free fur onct a week, *reg'lar*. Yoo knows we has soshul an' religious meetin's dere ev'y night, till it look lak it were *fil* up ter de *hilt*; but (reflectively) lemme see: Mondays we has 'De Sons er Moses' an' Chusdays we has 'De Twelve Tribes er Israel'—(hopefully) I reckon we might run a leetle Suff'-age inter de 'Twelve Tribes er Israel'?"

"Well, if we can do *that*" I agreed heartily "tell Brother Zekiel I'll be there next Tuesday afternoon to help hang the banners and he must put out the notice of the meeting at the door."

And so on the appointed evening the notice on the outer walls hailed all passers with the legend in large black letters on a white ground: "Suffergette Meeting! Welcome All!" and inside the Church was gorgeous in yellow, white, green and purple; and above the reading-desk and from the gallery hung the banners inscribed in words of wisdom both sacred and profane. Brother Zekiel stood in the center aisle before the crowd had assembled, gazing upon his handiwork and found it good.

"De Cause er Jestice is de Cause er Gawd" he read slowly from the large gold letters before him. "Dat so, an' it place jes' right" he said "squar 'crost de front. I don't seem ter *place* it in de *Bible* dough, but it sound to *me* lak religion, an' ef it ain't *religion* it de Lord' truf anyways."

"Male an' Female created He them" he read from another: "Well, Gawd knows dey ain't *nobody* kin 'spute *dat*!" he exclaimed belligerently.

But by now the "Twelve Tribes of Israel" had seated themselves in chairs ranged under the platform facing the audience, which was increasing rapidly.

"What are those bad'nes and scarfs that they have on?" I asked Brother Zekiel, indicating the group before us. They aren't Suffrage colors."

"No'm" said Brother Zekiel deprecatingly "dem's jes de *palerfernal*ia er de 'Twelve Tribes er Israel.'"

By this the crowd has increased to such encouraging proportions that Brother Zekiel ushered me to my seat on the platform and the services began with the reading from the Bible in apparently ceaseless repetition of the names and numbers of the Twelve Tribes. After this a short prayer was offered up, a delicious old-time hymn sung by the entire congregation, and then—when the place was crowded to its

utmost capacity and the Suffragists had evidently grown a little impatient—the meeting was solemnly handed over to them and Brother Zekiel took the chair.

Although naturally I am coy, and insisted upon it that my participation in the club was only indirect, Brother Zekiel had goaded me to the point of "making a few remarks," and he introduced me gracefully by saying:

"Ef de Suff'age done nuthin' but make a *speaker* er Miss, it sure has work a *miracle*!" And when I sat down, he further soothed me be remarking generally. "Now dat was a *reel speech*! You-all knows how I keeps on tellin' her ef she'd jes *remember* ter fergit herse'f she wouldn't be so *se'f-consciencious*."

Then Brother Zekiel brought forward the acting President of the Association, a pretty little mulatto with big flashing eyes and passionate conviction. "As Chairman er dis meetin'" he said "but it seem ter me dat rightly it had oughter be *Chair-Lady* [Cries of "No! no! Brother Zekiel you're all right!"]

"Well, anyways," said Brother Zekiel, "right here an' now I *downs* de *upishness* er *man*, an' makes way fur de *Lady-President*! [*Great applause, especially from the men in the audience, as the Lady-President showed her white teeth and stood forth to speak.*]

"Ladies an' gentlemen" she said modestly "Lord knows why you-all is elected me President 'cept'n' I'm a reel true-blue, out an' out, down-ter-de groun' Suffergette!" [*Heartly applause.*]

"Yes, Sir! I am *dat*! I ain't got so much against the po'ole stick-in-de-mud Aunties—'course dey ain't got a square foot to stan' on; but dey *learnin'*; an' sooner er later dey boun' to come clean over! An' I ain't got nuthin' ag'inst them as is too ig'ner'nt to know nuthin' at all about it: dey jes' too *ig'ner'nt*, dat's all; but de folks I does jes' *nachelly des-pize* is de folks dat says: 'I don't take no intrus' in de Suff'age. I don't keer nuthin' at all about it. It don't make no kind er diff'unce to *me*!' What I say to folks lak dat is: ef you so *disinterested* as all dat, for Gawd' sake, shet yo' mou'f!" [*Great applause as she sits down, the blood surging to her cream-colored cheeks with righteous indignation.*]

"I believes in givin' eve'ybody fair play" said Brother Zekiel as he introduced the next speaker a little doubtfully "an dis lady say she a *Aunty*; but ef we has more speeches lak our Pres'dent jes' give us, I'm lookin' to see her *topple right over*: an' ef she do (with a humorous glance at the portly figure of the large black woman beside him) we-all Suffergettes 'll be hyar, ter de las' man, to *ketch her*. [*There was an appreciative titter at this, even from the lady herself; but she immediately became serious and emphatic.*]

"I'm agin' it!" she shouted "I don't keer ef it is ole feshion ter be a *Aunty*, er a *Uncle nieder*! What I says is dis: women ain't got no right ter vote lessen dey kin hist logs, an' t'row bricks, an' kill folks, same's men! No Sirree! I ain't fur no woman votin' till she got de strength ter knock down a *keerless* gentleman what *accos'es* her in de street an' *split his haid wide open*! You hyar *me*!"

This, curiously, seemed to arouse more enthusiasm

among the women present than the men, but there was a general uproar as she came down at a rush from the platform and sat down again in her place among the "Twelve Tribes" while Brother Zekiel remarked gently as he assisted a pale little quadron on crutches up the steps and brought her forward: "I'm sorry ter see Sister Collins on *crutches*; but she say de *yudder* feller still in *baid*; an' ef we wants a *fighter* ter *fight* er *fighter*" (he chuckled) "I backs *her*." [Applause.]

"Yes, Sir! I kin fight" said Sister Collins in a soft voice, an' I ain't ask nobody ter pertec' *me*, ef de *flat-iron* handy; but 'sposin' dat hard head I hit didn't mend, *who* gwine ter jail *me*? *Men*. Ef dat no-count nigger jes' *mean* enough ter *die*, *who* gwineter *hang* *me*? *Men!* *Men* makes de laws we *wimmin* ain't give no hand in, but we *bleege* ter *min'*. An' dat'd be bad enough (looking witheringly at some of the most noted characters of the "Hill") ef they was *reel* men; but *most* er dese hyar *men* ain't nuthin' but *Imertation men*, no how!"

If she had not already been *hors de combat* she might have fared badly at this at the hands of some of the infuriated males present. But she stuck to her post valiantly until Brother Zekiel had brought calm again, then ended recklessly: "I don't keer ef you-all claps or hisses, you is plumb *scared* to give *us* a chanct ter prove we is fittin' fur the Vote, 'cause Gawd knows you-all is done prove *you* ain't."

"Woman's place at home!" shouted the invariable Anti in every Suffrage audience.

"So is de man place, ef he kin *behave* hissef" responded Sister Collins stoutly. But you cullud men ain't see yit dat you-all an' de wimmen is in de

*same* boat. De white man say: 'A woman all right, ef she know her *place*; but *he* want ter *place* *her*.' An' he say: 'A nigger all right ef *he* know his *place*; but *he* want ter *place* *him*, too.'"

At last she had won her audience, and was applauded to the echo as she was assisted off the platform.

The next and last speaker was a dapper, half-educated, very self-satisfied little colored man who was nearly white and had all the white man's insincerities and pat objections at his finger-end. His opening remark—which proved also to be his closing one—was an illustration: "It's all very well to talk about the 'good' women having the Vote" he remarked in very careful English "but how about the 'bad' women? Do you know (solemnly) there are Fifty thousand of them walking the streets of New York to-night?"

This was too much for Brother Zekiel who was an old politician and a reader of men:

"Mebbe dey is!" he cried, jumping up and brushing the speaker aside in his excitement "Mebbe dey is Fifty thousan' bad women walkin' de streets er New York to-night. But dey ain't walkin' by *dey*' *sef*! What I wants ter know is: *Who* walkin' wid 'em?"

Such a shout went up at this that it quite overwhelmed the smart little Anti, and Brother Zekiel brought the meeting to a triumphant conclusion with these words:

"I don't want ter hurt nobody's feelin's; but it seem ter me dat us colored men in partic'lar is jes' nachelly *bleege* ter stan' fur *No Segregation, Male nur Female, Black nur White!*"

Rosalie M. Jonas

## THE CHAMPIONS OF THE SKY

The sky is our field of tourney,  
And a well-aimed bomb, like a glove,  
Is a challenge to mortal battle  
In the freezing heights above.  
I skim on my winged charger,  
Mounting with answering roar;  
Darting, hovering, looping,  
We fence, and fire, and soar.

The mighty wings are riddled,  
I am wounded in back and head,  
My pulses throb like the engine,  
As I fight through the blinding red.  
Higher and higher we struggle  
Till I wheel aloft like a hawk,  
Swooping down as I fire  
And his splintered engines balk!

Then the great machine goes plunging  
Like a diver through vacant space,  
And the loosened body goes whirling,  
As they shoot on their earthward race;  
And I circle home like a sea-gull  
Where the long, dim hangars lie,  
There by their ready battle-planes  
Wait the champions of the sky.

Phoebe Hoffman